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ories on the Ohio river. If you want Good

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# BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

New York Sun.

With gold of joy and with iron of sorrow,  
Freighted and filled, shall the New Year glide  
Through storm and sunshine to new to-morrow  
And unknown havens or Time's fierce tide.  
The bells for the dead Old Year are knelling,  
But we drown them all with a lusty cheer  
As the sails in the wind of our hope are swelling  
—Happy New Year!

Oh, the breeze was blithe, and golden-beamed  
Were the old, sweet days on the Old Year's deck;  
But her sails were torn and her timbers beamed,  
And slow she drifted and sank a wreck:  
And many were saved, and many went under,  
And shall feel no more life's kindly breeze,  
Nor wake again till the awful thunder  
Of judgment thrills through the swaying seas.

With prayer for the dead and with glad thanks-  
giving  
For those who weathered the heavy gale—  
Oh, with tears for the dead and thanks for the  
living,  
O'er the dread waste again we sail.

Though waves were white, and though skies be  
colder,  
May our hands and hearts be stout and fast;  
And love, grown younger as we grow older,  
Be our Captain true till the voyage be past.

Shall we ride at anchor in sunny harbor,  
Or be swept in darkness to desolate lands?  
Or, spent with toil, in exhausted harbor,  
Shall we rest on lotus-flowery strands?  
Away, for the fanning dawn is waking  
As she feels on her cheek the free wind's breath;  
Cheerily, though none knows the course we are  
taking,  
Who shall land, or who sink in the gulfs of  
death.

Pilot of souls! though the broad earth be riven  
With grievous lightnings; though our New Year  
be  
shattered by storms, or by wild winds driven,  
Steer those we love by thine own sea mark!  
Master of life, whatso'er may befall us,  
Save from the deep the true hearts we hold  
dear,  
For we implore, the quick death shall  
call us.

A Happy New Year!

## UNDER THE RED FLAG.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER II.

LETT PATRICKS.

One gray, hopeless afternoon, when  
there had not been a rift in the slate-colored  
sky since daybreak, Kathleen suddenly  
turned from the window, against which she  
had been leaning, and looked into the empty  
street, and asked:

"Does it ever rain in Ireland, Biddy?"

"Yes, love, it does rain sometimes; and  
sure, darlint, that's why the hills and the  
valleys are all so soft and green. You  
wouldn't have it always dry; the flowers  
wouldn't grow without any rain."

"Must there be rain?" inquired Kathleen  
simply. "Papa says I mustn't cry. Why  
should the sky cry? The sky is good, isn't  
it?"

"Yes, dear, it is God's sky."

"But papa says it's naughty to cry."

The time came only too soon when very  
real tears, tears of passionate grief and  
wild despair, were shed in that dingy Bel-  
gian lodging; and when the two children  
and their faithful servant found themselves  
alone in the bleak, strange world, face to  
face with starvation.

The captain caught cold one bitter Feb-  
ruary night, coming home, in the teeth of  
the east wind, from his favorite cafe; and  
although devotedly nursed by Biddy and  
Rose, who was sensible and womanly be-  
yond her years, the cold developed into  
acute bronchitis, under which James O'  
Hara succumbed, a few days after his  
thirty-seventh birthday, leaving his child-  
ren penniless and alone in the world.

There were only a few francs in the cap-  
tain's purse at the time of his death; for  
the short, sharp illness had been ex-  
pensive, albeit the English doctor, a retired  
navy surgeon, had been most modest in  
his charges. The captain's watch and sig-  
net ring were pledged to pay for the fun-  
eral; and while the coffin was being carried  
to the cemetery, a letter, ill-spelled and ill-  
written, but full of tender womanly feel-  
ing, was on its way to the wealthy Miss  
Fitzpatrick, of Bath, pleading for her  
orphaned great-niece Kathleen, and Kath-  
leen's penniless stepmother.

Miss Fitzpatrick of Bath was a staunch  
Roman Catholic, and a conscientious wo-  
man, but she was not a warm-hearted wo-  
man, and she was not deeply moved by the  
thought of the captain's untimely death, or  
by the desolate children. She had been  
very angry with him for running away with  
her niece, who was also her companion  
and slave; and she had never left off being  
angry; yet she had given him money from  
time to time, considering it her duty, as a  
rich woman, to help her poor relatives.

And now she was not inclined to ignore  
that duty, or to deny the orphan's claim.  
She went over to Bruges, saw the child-  
ren, and in Kathleen's behalf she made the  
image of her own dead sister's little girl as  
she had first seen her twenty years ago, when  
the orphan was sent to her rich aunt, as the  
legacy of a dying sister, the sole issue of a  
foolish marriage. And behold, here was  
another golden-haired child, so like the  
other foolish marriage, looking up at  
Theresa Fitzpatrick with just the same  
heavenly-blue eyes, and the same scared,  
shrinking look, as doubting whether to  
ask a friend or foe in the rich old state-  
ly dame.

If Miss Fitzpatrick had been of the  
melting mood, she would assuredly have  
taken the child to her heart and her home,  
and the child's dark eyes, frank-browed,  
lovable stepmother with her. There was  
ample room for both girls in the big hand-  
some house at Bath—empty rooms, which  
no one ever visited save the housemaid,  
with her brooms and brushes luxuriously  
furnished rooms, swept and garnished, and  
kept in spotless order for nobody.

Although there was ample room in Miss  
Fitzpatrick's house, there was no room in  
Miss Fitzpatrick's heart for two orphans.

"I shall do my duty to you, my dears,"  
she said, "and I shall make no distinctions  
among you. Here, are no relation of  
mine, and have no claim upon me."

"You won't take Rose away?" cried  
Kathleen, pale with terror, the blue eyes

## filling with tears.

"No, my dear, I shall not separate you

while you are so young," answered Miss  
Fitzpatrick, complacently settling herself  
in her sable-bordered mantle. "By and  
by, when you are young women, you will  
have to make your way in the world, and  
then you may be parted. But for the next  
few years you shall be together. How  
have they been educated?" she asked, ap-  
pealing to Biddy, who stood by, curtsying  
every time she looked her way.

"Sure, ma'am, my lady, the captain was  
very careful with them; he'd never have  
let the dear children out of his sight, only  
he wanted a little gentleman's society now  
and then, a blessed soul, and he liked to  
spend half an hour or so at a café. But  
many's the day I've heard him reading  
poetry to the two children, beautiful—  
Hamlet and the Ghost, and King Lear,  
and Lully O'Rourke. There never was a  
better father, if the Lord had been pleased  
to spare him," concluded Biddy, with her  
apron at her eyes.

"My good woman, you do not under-  
stand my question," said Miss Fitzpatrick  
impatiently. "I want to know what these  
children have been taught. I begin to fear  
they have been sorely neglected by that  
foolish man. Can they read and write and  
cipher?"

Biddy, hard pushed, was fain to confess  
that Kathleen did not even know her let-  
ters, and that Rose was very backward  
with her pen, though she could read beau-  
tifully.

"I thought as much," said Miss Fitzpat-  
rick. "And now, Bridget Ryan, I'll tell  
you what I mean to do; you seem to have  
been a faithful servant, so I shall not al-  
low you to be a loser by Captain O'Hara's  
death. I shall pay you your wages in full,  
and send you home to Ireland."

"With the young ladies?" asked Biddy,  
beaming.

"What should the young ladies do in  
Ireland?" exclaimed Miss Fitzpatrick;  
"they haven't a friend in that wretched  
country. No, you can go back to your  
home, for I suppose you have some kind of  
home to go to. But I shall place the two  
young ladies in a convent I have been told  
about, three miles from this city, where  
they will be carefully educated and kindly  
looked after by the good nuns. I shall pay  
for their schooling and provide their ward-  
robes till they are grown up; but when they  
come to nineteen or twenty, they will have  
to earn their own living. The better they  
are educated the easier they will find it to  
earn their bread."

Biddy could not confess that Miss Fitz-  
patrick, upon whom the elder sister had no  
shadow of claim, was acting very gener-  
ously; yet she was in despair at the thought  
of being separated from the children she  
had nursed, and who were to her as her  
own flesh and blood. If Miss Fitzpatrick  
had sent them all three to Ireland, and given  
her a cottage, a potato-field, and a pig, she  
felt she could have worked for the two  
children, and brought them up in comfort,  
and been as happy as the days were long.

They would have run about the fields bare-  
foot, and with wild uncovered hair, and  
made a friend and companion of the pig,  
but they would have grown up strong and  
beautiful in that free life; and it seemed to  
her that such a life would be ever so much  
happier for them than the enclosed con-  
vent in the flat, dark country outside Bruges,  
the grim white house with high walls,  
the tall, slated roof of which she and her  
charges had seen one day in their after-  
noon walk.

She accepted her wages from Miss Fitz-  
patrick, but she declined the fare home to  
Ireland.

"It may be long days before I see that  
blessed country," she said, "for, with all  
submissiveness to your ladyship, I shall try  
to get a place in Bruges, so that I may be  
near these darling children, and gladden my  
eyes with the sight of them now and then,  
as the good nuns give leave."

Miss Fitzpatrick had no objection to this  
plan. She was a good woman, according  
to her lights, but as hard as a stone. She  
wanted to do her duty in a prompt and  
business-like manner, and to provide for  
these orphans; not because she cared a  
straw for them, but because they were or-  
phans, and to feed the widow and the or-  
phan is the business of a good Catholic.

She put the two girls into a fly next  
morning, after spending an uncomfortable  
night at the best hotel in Bruges, where the  
foreign arrangements and the alter-  
vading odors afflicted her sorely, and drove  
straight off to the Sisters of Sainte Marie.

Here, in a rambling, chilly-looking  
house, with large whitewashed, capoteled  
rooms, and corridors smelling of plaster,  
Miss Fitzpatrick handed the orphans over  
to the Reverend Mother, a stout, comfort-  
able-looking Belgian, who, for a payment in  
all of ninety pounds a year, was to lodge,  
feed, clothe, and educate the two children  
from January to December. There were  
to be no vacations—the school year was to  
be really a year. Children who had par-  
ents might go home for a summer holiday;  
but for these orphans the white walled con-  
vent, in its flat, sandy garden, was to be  
the only home.

And now there began for these two or-  
phan sisters a new life—very strange, very  
cold and formal, after the life they had led  
with the careless yet loving father and the  
devoted nurse. It was a life of rule and  
routine, of work and deprivation. The  
convent school was a cheap school, and  
though the sisters were conscientious in  
their dealings with their pupils, the fare  
was of the poorest, the beds were hard and  
narrow, the coverlets were thin, dormitories  
draughty and carpetless, everything bleak  
and bare. The children rose at unnatural  
hours in the cold, dark mornings, and  
were sent to bed early to save fire and can-  
dle. It was a hard life, with scarcely a  
ray of sunshine. Some of the nuns were  
kind and some of the nuns were cross; just  
as women are outside convent walls. There

## were no pleasures, there was very little to

hope for; the nuns were too poor to afford

pleasure for their pupils. Chapel and les-  
sons, lessons and chapel; chapel twice a  
day, lessons all day long; that was the  
round of life. Half an hour's recreation  
now and then—just one brief half hour of  
leisure and play, if the children had  
strength to play, after two long hours bend-  
ing over books, puzzling over nuns.

Rose bore her trials like a heroine.  
Kathleen fretted a good deal at first, and  
then, when she grew older and stronger,  
she became a little inclined to occasional  
outbreaks of rebellion. She had a sweet,  
loving nature, and could be ruled easily  
by love—by threats or hard usage not at  
all. The nuns, happily, were fond of her,  
and petted her for her beauty and bright-  
ness and graceful ways. While dark, proud  
Rose, earnest, thoughtful, laborious, plod-  
ded on at her studies, always obedient,  
always conscientious, Kathleen learned by  
fits and starts, was sometimes attentive,  
sometimes neglectful, sometimes incorrig-  
ibly idle. She had all the freaks of genius.

Life went on thus with a dull monotony  
for five long years; till it seemed to the  
sisters as if they could never have known  
any world outside those convent walls, any  
horizon beyond that western line of level  
marsh and meadow, where they used to  
watch the sun going down in a golden bed  
behind the tall black poplars. To Kath-  
leen it seemed as if the old sweet life, with  
father and nurse, must have been a dream.

One bitter grief had come to them in the  
last year. The good, faithful Biddy was  
dead. It had been her custom to visit  
them on the last Saturday in every month  
for an hour in the afternoon, by special  
permission of the Superior; and neither  
storm nor rain, snow nor hail, had ever  
kept Biddy away. Her visit was a bright  
spot in the lives of the girls. They clung  
to her and loved her in that too brief hour  
as if she had been verily their mother. The  
vulgar Irish face, the hands hardened by  
toil, the coarse, common clothes, were, to  
them, as dear as if she had been the finest  
lady in the land. She came to them laden  
with fruit and cakes, she brought them  
bright-colored neck ribbons to enliven their  
sombre black uniforms. She told them her  
scraps of news about the outside world.  
She walked with them in the garden, or sat  
with them in the visitors' parlor, and they  
were utterly happy so long as she stayed.

At last, after they had been four years  
and a half in the convent, there came one  
never to be forgotten Saturday on which  
there was no visitor for the Demoiselles  
O'Hara. It was a peerless June day, and  
the girls had pictured Biddy as she walked  
along the sandy road from Bruges, where  
she had a halfish place as maid-of-all-  
work in a Flemish tradesman's family.

They fancied how she would enjoy the sun-  
shine, and the hedges all in flower, and the  
song of the lark. If they could but be with  
her, thought Kathleen, dancing along be-  
side her, gathering the wild flowers! But  
hark! there was the convent clock striking  
three. In another moment the bell would  
ring, the loud, harsh bell, which sounded  
so sweet upon that one particular after-  
noon. Biddy was the soul of punctuality.  
The clock had seldom finished striking be-  
fore the bell rang. The girls were sitting  
in the garden, as near the gateway and the  
porter's lodge as they were allowed to go.  
They waited and waited, listening for the  
bell which never rang; which never was  
again to be rung by that honest hand. At  
last the clock struck four, and they knew  
that all hope was over for that day. From  
three to four was the hour appointed by  
authority for Biddy's visit. She would not  
presume to come after that hour.

"There will be a letter to-morrow, per-  
haps," said Rose, with a sigh. "Poor dear  
Biddy! It is such an effort for her to write."

But the day went by, and there was no  
letter. The last Saturday in July came,  
and there had been no sign or token from  
Biddy. The rules of the convent school  
were strict, and the girls were allowed to  
write to no one except relatives.

That last Saturday in July was a dull,  
stormy day, a sullen, sultry day, with  
heavy thunder-showers. Again the two  
girls pictured their friend upon the sandy  
road, this time wrapped in her Irish frieze  
cloak; the country woman's cloak which she  
had worn ever since Rose could remember,  
and struggling against the storm with her  
stout Belgian umbrella of dark red cotton.

But the clock struck three, and the clock  
struck four, the girls waiting through the  
hour with listening ears and beating heart,  
and there was no touch of Bridget Ryan's  
hand upon the convent bell.

Then Rose grew desperate, and went  
straight to the Reverend Mother, and asked  
permission to write to Bridget, who  
must be ill, or surely she would have come.  
The Superior hesitated a little; rules were  
strict, and if once broken—and so on and  
so on. But the pale, anxious face and the  
tearful eyes touched her, and she gave the  
required permission and the necessary post-  
age stamp.

Three days Rose and Kathleen waited  
anxiously for the reply to their letter, and  
then came a formal epistle from a lawyer  
in Bruges, who had the honor to acquaint  
the young ladies that their late father's old  
servant, Madame Ryan, had died at mid-  
night on the last Saturday in June, after a  
very short illness, and that she had be-  
queathed the whole of her savings to Ma-  
demoiselle Rose O'Hara, said savings  
amounting, after payment of funeral ex-  
penses, to five hundred and fifty francs.

Deep and bitter was the grief of the sis-  
ters at the loss of this faithful friend—the  
only woman friend whose warm motherly  
hand Kathleen had ever known. Rose gave  
a hundred francs to the Reverend Mother  
to be spent in masses for the beloved dead.  
Kathleen wanted her to devote all the  
money to that sacred purpose.

"What do we want with the poor dar-  
ling's money?" she asked.

## "Nothing now, dear," answered the more

experienced elder sister; "but the day may

come when a little money will save us from  
a good deal of misery."

The day came when those few gold pieces,  
which Rose kept under lock and key  
with all her little treasures in a small jap-  
anned box that had belonged to her father,  
made the two girls independent of ty-  
ranny, or that which seemed to them as the  
rascality of an altogether unbearable kind.

The good Reverend Mother, under whose  
firm but friendly rule Rose and Kathleen  
had grown up, one to a tall, well-devel-  
oped girl of eighteen, the other to a slim sap-  
ling of eleven, was transferred to a larger  
and wealthier convent, and was replaced  
by a sour-ripped nun whose piety was of  
the gloomy order, and who wanted to rule  
the community with a rod of iron. Every-  
thing was changed under her dominion,  
every rule made more severe, every little  
innocent pleasure curtailed or forbidden.  
A dark pall came down upon the convent,  
and discontent brooded like an evil pres-  
ence by the hearth.

Kathleen, in high health, active, full of  
life and spirits, was one of the first to  
break the new rules. Her gaiety was mis-  
conduct, her fresh, ringing laugh an of-  
fense. She was continually getting into  
disgrace; and Rose, who saw her punished  
by all sorts of small privations and by the  
burden of extra tasks, rebelled in her heart  
against the tyrant, although she urged her  
younger sister to submission and obedience.

There came a day—a bright summer day—  
when the punishment lesson was heavier  
than usual, although Kathleen's offense  
had been of the slightest kind.

"Kathleen O'Hara has an obstinate tem-  
per and it must be conquered," said the  
Reverend Mother, when she was told of a  
blotting exercise or a little outbreak of tem-  
per.

Today Kathleen had a headache. She  
was flushed and feverish, overcome by the  
midsummer heat. Just a year had gone  
since Bridget's death, and it seemed to  
both girls as if that year had been the  
longest in their lives—the longest and most  
wretched.

The child made a feeble effort to  
write the German exercise which had  
been given to her as a punishment task;  
but soon gave up altogether, and sat crying  
with the book open before her, and the sun  
pouring its fierce light upon her flushed,  
tear-stained face.

This was taken for rank contumacy, and  
when the Reverend Mother came upon her  
round of inspection from an upper class,  
she ordered Kathleen off to a room at the  
top of the house, a bare garret under the  
thin, hot roof, which was used only for sol-  
itary confinement in very bad cases. It  
was the black-hole of the convent.

Kathleen was marched up to this place  
of torture, and kept there till evening  
prayers, with the refreshment of a slice of  
black bread—such bread as the cookhouse  
gave their horses in that country—and a  
cup of water. In the cool evening she was  
let out of her prison, which had been like an  
oven all day, and she and Rose lay down  
side by side in their narrow beds at the end  
of the long dormitory, nearest the door.

When all the others were asleep, Rose  
knelt by her sister's bed, and kissed and  
comforted her; but the child was broken-  
hearted. She said she would die in that  
miserable house. Lessons were given to  
her which she could not learn, and then  
she was punished for not learning them.  
She had been frightened in that dreadful  
room. She had heard things—awful things—  
running about behind the walls, squeak-  
ing and screaming. She thought they were  
demons.

"They were rats, darling," said Rose, cu-  
rressing and soothing her. "You shall never,  
never be put in that room again, if you will  
be brave, and trust me."

Rose shuddered at the thought of that  
stifling garret, under the burning roof, and  
the rats running about behind the wains-  
coting. She had heard of children being  
eaten alive by rats.

"Shall we steal out of the house to-mor-  
row morning as soon as it is light, and go  
away and live by ourselves somewhere?"  
she asked, in a whisper.

It was an hour after bedtime; the other  
children were all snoring on their hard lit-  
tle bunks. There was no one to overhear  
the sisters as they whispered and plotted.  
It was no new thought with Rose O'Hara.  
She had been meditating upon it for a long  
time, ever since the new rule had begun,  
and had made Kathleen unhappy. She  
had never forgotten those words of Miss  
Fitzpatrick's: "When you are grown up  
you will have to get your own living, and  
then you may have to be parted." The very  
thought of severance from Kathleen, this  
only beloved of her heart,